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From the Casket.

LINES TO ELLEN.

BY JOHN G. M'CABE.

She was one of those beautiful beings we meet with once in a long life time and pass by with but one look; a large black eye sends its silent, (oh no!) its thrilling eloquence to the soul of man; whose voice like the Æolean harp, captivates the spirit with its wild watching numbers;—in short, in form and in action would be a study for a master spirit from the sketch of the blessed, had come to point to erring man the pathway from the ends to the skies.

Heaven would be surpassing lovely with but one such to stand in supplicant form with

Thou'rt young and beautiful, sweet girl,
And o'er that polished neck of thine,
In many a love inspiring curl
The rival raven ringlets twine.

And o'er that brow so pure and white,
Young cupid sits enthroned and reigns,
In characters so chaste and bright,
That we may not, cannot refuse.

Yet why of we? Dear Ellen, why?
No sorrow shall that bosom know,
No tear of anguish dim thine eye,
Or cause thy cheek to pale its glow.

Around thy path may lowly flowers,
Spontaneous throw their bursting bloom;
On Beauty's throne thou shalt reign,
Without one cloud thy soul to gloom.

And when in death, that large dark eye
Of light and love shall cease to be,
One little prayer, that when I die,
I may find thee, and meet you like this!

Farewell! the sunshine's all thine own,
The storm is mine; farewell! farewell!
My bark on a cold ocean is borne,
The plashing of each rival swell.

The Drop Scene.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONFESSIONS."

I had at all times a restless propensity for practical jokes, but I have lived long enough to find that I have indulged it more than my friends have come home to roost.* Experience is a stern disciplinarian; she is, nevertheless, the nurse of wisdom, and but for the precepts of her lore, she should I have dispatched my self to the care of a dyer before I could clear by my heart, or which I have only relinquished because I have frequently found that they left either a sting or a bitter behind.

Propensities and satipathies are merely converse qualities of our moral nature, both equally difficult to subdue, and the unceasing struggle against either with any certainty of success, until the satanic cautery of experience has been long enough applied to deaden the one or correct the other. My propensities in early life were always in a state of the most excessive effervescence in my moral temperament, which I found it scarcely possible to control; and both in mind and body I was a restless impulsive for action, which was perpetually involving me in some difficulty or scrape, from which I derived the delight which I took in the execution of a practical joke; and to praise my dexterity in an acquirement which has ever been a source of annoyance to me, I was the nearest passage to my heart. With me this is a subject of the most painful remembrance. I was however cursed of my fits of agreeable delirium, without being subjected to the discipline of a solitary cell, or the punishment which I have made up my mind, as a penance for past folly, to record my own shame, by telling how I was once punished for my misdemeanors.

I was born in a village in Staffordshire, in the vicinity of a coal mine which was worked by a shaft descended with that eager thirst of curiosity so prevalent in young and ardent minds. To me the scene was one of delight; and when I gazed upon the wonders beneath the earth, I derived from them the same kind of pleasure in viewing the wonders above it. I took infinite delight in listening to the superstitious legends of "* goblin damned," a reality and gravity related by the old pit men; and these subterranean investments were the frequent resort of my holiday hours. As I was of an active and buoyant temperament, excitement with me was the one thing needful, the one thing dearly loved. Provided it was in truth but a childish predilection; nevertheless, it gave me a degree of pain to find myself in my adolescent year I would truly say, that "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child," I could not presume to say positively that "when I became a man I put away childish things." Matrimony, the parent of reason, sober my restless and mercurial habits, and I was accordingly, soon drawn within the circumscribed influences of its domestic circle. I was still, however, for a joke, in spite of connubial bliss; and my wife, who was as good humoured a lady as ever graced the name of wife, was cursed at my hallucinations, and persuaded her friends to do the same, as I was incorrigible in my habits, and this increased mountain soon brought them to a climax.

On the 4th of the great day, as I well remember—the annual fair of a neighboring town, or somewhere thereabout—the workmen of a large pit near my rustic dwelling had obtained leave to work during the night, in order that they might be the more refreshed for the fun of the day. I accordingly determined to descend into the pit at the "witching time of night," in the character of a ghost, for the purpose of giving the rustics, in order to quicken their relish for the day's pleasures, a most unearthly concert of music, and tied it up in a dark bandanna, and having arranged with a friend to assist in my descent and ascent, I prepared for action, and was that much dreaded hour.

"When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead,"

with most restless impatience. I almost counted the moments; but time, as if to mock my anxiety, seemed to have foaled his wings, and

"Like a wounded snake, drag'd its slow length along."

Anxiety is never cometase; I had therefore no desire to sleep, for the fever of anticipation had got so excited a hold upon me, that I could only ran the tickling of the clock by at least sixty in a minute. The hour of 12 at last arrived, and I got, at length painted to three quarters past eleven, when I sallied forth, and greeted at the mouth of the pit, awaiting my arrival. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The heavens were starred with myriads of spirits of my minster project. I could not be insensible to the loveliness of the scene around me. The blue vault of Heaven was studded with innumerable stars, sparkling with light and life, radiant in celestial beauty, and revealing an language, eloquent and but universally intelligible, the omnipotence of Him who hung these glories in the firmament, as the handy-work of his creation. There was also so legibly read the power and wisdom of the Creator in the balmy influence of the night, that night is hanging out their lamps on the wide battlements of heaven, and its azure plains stream with the radiance of a thousand fires, that my vital loveliness in the clear, calm, moonlight, which at once lifts the soul to the throne of its existence, and makes it exult in the consciousness that it is a part of that mighty scheme of motion and intelligence, of which it is surrounded, and in which it is absorbed. The beauty of the scene still lingers upon my memory; nor was I so entirely engrossed by the anticipations of a direful adventure, as to have abandoned all relish for beauties which have ever inspired the heart and bosom the most impressive emotions of wonder and admiration.

The mouth of the pit was encircled by a rude rail. The mode of descent was by a rope fastened to a windlass; at the end of which was a piece of strong chain, intermixed with a cross bar of iron. As I had been accustomed in my boyish days to descend into the pit, and made many excursions by a similar mode of conveyance, I had no fears upon the present occasion in repeating the freak. My friend placed himself at the windlass in order to regulate my progress, and having first grasped my bundle into the pit, I fixed my feet firmly on the bar at the end of the chain, and commenced my somewhat perilous descent. The harsh creaking of the crazy machine, as the lightened rope gradually ascended from the wooden cylinder round which it was rolled, seemed amidst the silence of midnight, like the muttering of unquiet spirits

"Doom'd for a stated time to wail by night,"

when

"Upon a corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;"

and a tremor of something like dread came over me when light was entirely excluded from my view, and the very "blackness of darkness" fearfully closed in around me. My progress appeared to be extremely rapid, so much so, that I felt a sudden faintness steal upon me, but that soon passed; yet when I considered that my safety depended upon the strength of a rope scarcely more than an inch in diameter, I confess I felt for a moment that my life was held upon a very uncertain tenure, and the throbbings of my heart became almost painfully accelerated. It was by no means a pleasant thing to be suspended by the sides of the shaft, while the small fragments of earth which occasionally fell as they were disturbed by my descent, sounded in my ears with a loud and terrifying indistinctness, like the multiplied re-percussion of echoes amid the vaults of a cavern.

I had not been long on the rope when, to my great surprise, I found my progress suddenly arrested. I waited for a few moments with much impatience, under the idea that some impediment had occurred in the machine above, but finding that a lapse of several minutes, that the rope, on which I was balanced still continued stationary, I concluded that I had reached the bottom of the shaft, and prepared to quit the chain. I therefore called out to my friend above, lest I should alarm the pitmen, and thus at once expose myself to their coarse raillery, and mar my own diversion. I now became keenly sensible that I had done a very foolish thing in venturing on the freak into a pit which I had not examined by day, and some very unpleasant apprehensions began to steal over me; however, summoning my fortitude, and persuading myself that I must be within a yard at most of terra firma, I slid down the chain until my hands grasped the cross bar, when to my utmost consternation and horror, my feet rested upon nothing and I found myself swinging with the most fearful oscillation in the "empty air." I stretched myself to my utmost length, but in vain. I still swung, and there appeared to be a supernatural power in the dark void around me, dragging me down into the gulf beneath; the whole mass of my blood seemed as it were to circulate only downward, and I became, for the first time, most painfully sensible of the power of gravitation, that mysterious principle, by which all material objects are attracted to one common centre, appeared to be exerted upon me intensities, and the most fearful noises met my ears, as though the dismal ministers of doom were exulting in the consummation of their spells. It was clear that I could not long maintain my hold; I shuddered over the precipice, and my feet touched a bottom which I had a fearful reckoning to make with Him into whose hands I was about to appear, but for which I was altogether unprepared. How many thoughts crowded upon me in that awful moment! How many of my sins, and therefore knew, but too well, that I had rather been a worshiper of the golden calf of the world, than of Him who "bended it upon the sea, and prepared it upon the floods."

I sang pierced through my bosom as my mind confessed its guilt to my agonized conscience. The possibility of what my futurity might be, and the fearful reckoning that awaited me in eternity, I shouted to my friend above—in vain. He heard me not. Feeling my strength fast departing, I concentrated all my energies in one resolved effort, and lifting myself above the bar, I made a plunge at the chain. The exertion was unavailing; I missed my hold, and from the violence of the exertion, was swung round with a velocity that was almost beyond my sense of consciousness. I now hung by one hand over the dark abyss. I felt that I had but a few seconds between life and death. My brain reeled; I put up a short prayer to heaven, and then summoning all my energies to action, I sprang and grasped the chain with my disengaged hand, and dropped into the terrible abyss. I was all but insensible when I fell, yet a something of consciousness remained to me and it appeared to my fading fancy that I was some time whirling in the air before I reached the earth. My senses now utterly deserted me. When I recovered them, I found myself supported on the smutty breast of a negro, who was chafing my temples with fingers that had not known the wholesome application of water since the Ichabonadal abolition just five days before. I grazed around me with an expression of stupified amazement. My friend above, and on whose head I was ringing scarcely a yard above my head; and upon putting myself in the position I had just so fearfully quitted I discerned by my inexpressible surprise and mortification, that from the distance between me and the ground, even my body was at its utmost stretch, I had fallen from the prodigious height of two INCHES!!

THE SWAN SONG.

Whither away, companion of the sun,
Thy wings keep time to thy rich music's flow,
Rolling on earth, and on the azure main?
And echoing o'er the hill's oak waving brow;
And whither, whither, dost thou fleet so fast?
And thee, a warbling speck deep-merged from on high.

And thou hast vanished ranging from my sight—
No more the earth be lost to eyes of thine;
Beyond the ultimate light
Thou lookest down, and all appears to shine
Beneath thy feet, and all around thee, too,
Pavilioned all around with golden-spreading day!

The broad unbounded sky is all thine own,
And the unfathomed depths of the blue main;
No land-mark there—no hand to bring thee down,
Sole monarch of the blue ethereal plain;
Thou hast the world of light, and all its glory,
Broad and unmeasured as the boundless vault of heaven.

And thou art gone, perchance to catch the sound
Of angel voices heard far up the sky;
And will return luminous to the ground,
Then with new music, taught by those on high,
Of woodiness waving sweet, and wild bee-bended flowers.

Let's thee to sing alone, above the dews!
Leaving the nightingale to cheer the night,
When rides the moon, chasing the shadowy hors
From lurking vales, far stretched in silent night;
She veils her head, while thou art with the sun,
Looking beneath on hills, and woods, where deep streams run.

Lone of the sky, farewell! All I again
Clouds have closed gazing hills, that must not come
To where I dwell, nor pour thy heav'n-caught strain
Above the curling of my smoky home.
Others may hear thee, me then, yet not steal
That joy from thy glad song, which it is mine to feel.

From the Casket.

HOPE.

BY LUTHER WALSBROOK TRASK.

Hope, according to Dr. Webster, is a desire of something good, accompanied at least, with a slight belief of obtaining it; or that state of the mind when a person entertains a belief that something good is attainable. Hope, differs from wish or desire, in this, that it always implies some expectation of obtaining the good desired, or the possibility of possessing it. Hope, therefore always proceeds from the knowledge of some real or seeming good, and is accompanied with pain or anxiety.

The present is full of sorrows and vicissitudes—the past is a book bearing record of almost unparalleled hardships and distressing events of fear, anguish,—of uncertainty, misfortune, and disappointment. When we turn over the pages of the past, we find that it is covered by a pall over the sides of the shaft, while the small fragments of earth which occasionally fell as they were disturbed by my descent, sounded in my ears with a loud and terrifying indistinctness, like the multiplied re-percussion of echoes amid the vaults of a cavern.

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Did a man engage in an honourable pursuit—he is regaled with devastation and some monster circumstance prostrated him in the dust. A bounding ship sweeps majestically over the waves, but is assailed with streaming banners from her portbut she returned no more—the hurricane made her its sport, the lightning struck her mast and her forever! An individual, or individuals, engaged in the most laudable enterprises, of increasing the stock of human knowledge and happiness, by discovery in travels or voyages, and perished by pestilence, famine, monsters, or savage and tropical savage barbarians. MERCIFUL HEAVEN! it seems that Hope is the grave of all that is high, noble,—generous and philanthropic!—It seems that the past is only a history of prostration and misery,—honesty is rarely a virtue in sackcloth,—of friendship violated,—of love unrequited—of confidence betrayed,—of prospects blasted,—of expectations defeated,—and of the highest and most generous feelings of the human mind in ruins, by the blighting influence of uncertainty and disappointment! But there must be some animating influence to keep us from destruction, and is not that the contemplation of the future? The past and the present are dark gloomy and fearful—but in the future is to be delightful, or we should absolutely sink to the lowest depths of despair. No, it is not. If the past is full of gloom, and the present full of misery—the future carries in its bosom, a thousand unrevealed—latent sorrows. How many a heart is destined to be rent and many a head to be bowed in affliction. How many a heart is destined to know the sickening pang of sorrow and misery—the fearful pangs of suicide, and the unspeakable agony, would seem to be sufficient to drive him to destruction—yet Hope whispers that the present distress and pain will soon be over—that a speedy recovery will enable him to regain his former health and vigor—that a speedy relief will arrive—that a speedy change will take place in his circumstances—without any incentive to action,—if it were not for the existence of some powerful principle of influence to which he would hasten, and unhappy circumstances which surround us. Hope, therefore is the angel of mercy, to the despair,—warms and invigorates us,—like an angel of benevolence, it comforts the afflicted,—dries the briny water of sorrow from the eye—chases the wan, ghostly picture of despair from the cheek,—points the agony of disease and death,—cheers the wanderer,—animates and beautifies the green bowers of home,—makes us contented and cheerful—inspires us to engage to be borne,—gives pleasure in youth—support in manhood—and consolation in old age. Even in the sight of Spring, it beautifies—and embellishes. Nature, and every glen, mountain, valley and stream, are contemplated with pleasure—and gives rise to innumerable associations—from that inspiring, pleasing, enchanting angel of our happiness and delight—HOPE! Hope would be of its benefits are incalculable;—it exerts its influence upon every mind—in every circumstance—in the department in life, the high and the low, the rich and the poor participate in its benefits. From the most powerful intellect to its final extinction by death, the human mind feels the animating principle of Hope. As the sun's influence, from the earth to the sky fetters that bind it—warms its bosom—and brings forth plants, flowers, and fruits—so does the influence of Hope upon the human mind—frees it from the icy fetters of despair—causes a thousand flowery anticipations and associations to spring up—become the incentives to action, and inspires the heart with joy! But what would be the result if it were not for the promptings of Hope? Surely he would have none. What man or number of men, would build a ship—launch her forward, as did our forefathers, and risk their reputation, property and lives, to fight a powerful foe, and establish a free government, if their hopes and purposes would be defeated—and their lives sacrificed? What man would labor—what man would be taught them to expect, by a great number of instances of defeat and disgrace? But their ignorance of the future chained their undertaking with uncertainty—it was not absolutely certain that they would be defeated, nor certain that they would be defeated. Here Hope whispered to them to persevere—" You will succeed,' she said,—"you will form a free government, immortalized in the annals of time for its advantages;—solid as the rock of Gibraltar, and enduring as the everlasting hills—and when the Republics of Greece and Rome fell, yours will be eternal! Some attempts, indeed, that have been made for this end, relates to the past—not to the future. You have better destines in store; *persevere*, in after ages

[illegible] made to the mountains of Hungary or Hunswick in Asia, the highest mountain in the world.

From the New York Atlas.

STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF STAIR.

This house was occupied by the Dowager of the second Earl of Stair, who died in 1747. Her ladyship, after long exercising a sway over the *haut ton* of Edinburgh, died here, on the 2d December, 1760, at a very advanced age. The late Mr. Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," was a frequent visitor that he recollected her ladyship living in this house. The close of her life was spent in a splendid style. Sir Walter's Mirror." They are now related here in the words of Mr. Mackenzie: "The eldest daughter of James, second Earl of Loudoun, and consequently was grand-daughter to that stern old Scot, the first Earl of Loudoun, who, after a series of the covenant, and was Lord Chancellor of Scotland during the troublesome times of the civil war. While very young, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, she was married to the first Viscount Primrose, a nobleman of extreme bad temper, and what was worse, of very dissolute character. Her ladyship also had a great deal of her grandfather in her, could have managed most men with great ease, but to that of superior intellect and force of character, but the cruelty of Lord Primrose was too much for her. He treated her so barbarously, that she had every appearance that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, during the time she was labouring under this dreadful anticipation, she was dressing herself in her chamber, near an open window, when his lordship entered the room behind her with a sword drawn in his hand. He opened the door softly, and although his face indicated a resolution of the most horrible nature, he still had the presence of mind to approach her with the utmost caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure in her glass, he would, in all probability, have approached her near enough to execute so bloody purpose before she was aware, or could have taken any measure to save herself. Fortunately, she perceived him in time to leap out of the open window, and escape. Half dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very laudable exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord Dundonald, a relation where she told her story, and demanded protection. That protection was at once extended; and it became her immediate task to attempt a reconciliation; they never afterwards lived together. Lord Primrose came afterwards to a sad end. During his absence, a foreign conjurer or fortune-teller came to Edinburgh, professing, among other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition of other persons who were absent, even when the applicant might be interested. Lady Primrose, who had lost all trace of her husband, was incited by curiosity, or even by female friend, to the lodgings of this person in the Canongate, for the purpose of enquiring regarding his motions. It was at night, and the candles were, with the tartan screens, or plaids of their servants, drawn over their fronts for the purpose. Lady Primrose having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know if he was dark, and the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly saw her husband in a church with a strange party arranged near the altar. The bridegroom was conducted to and joined in the shadowy bridegroom no other than her husband, Lord Primrose. The magical scene was so striking that the lady and her friend arranged in close order on the limbs of an oak, which grew near to the door—my arrival, however, at the moment, to change the scene, and the dogs came whisking and barking about me, my friend called out, "Come away, Mrs. Lady, and what was my business—the cows eyed me, and the turkeys clucked—and I thought an old goblin would have made his appearance. I kept a civil tongue in my head, for I was, you see, in the army, service under the Duke of Cumberland, and would steal out to get a drink, and why not for a civil word to a woman?

"Now, you needn't talk about your shoes, leave you see I'm barefooted, I had got no shoes to wear, but I stole Jock Wilson's shoes, and I'll be bound he can't wear them this week, and who can move me one inch; do you hear that, Jock?

"Yes—I hear it—and Aaron I can lick you."

"Well, Wolfe, I'll fight you, but you've always had a better hand at fighting than me. The friend ad you, when no other man would."

"How have you defended me, Aaron, as what have you done for me?"

"I didn't keep them stones of yours, better than two months, and what's I gave them for neither of yours into my pea patch?"

"An spoken you did, didn't I call up your hog—but that's nothing to what I'll do for you, if you took that nigger's part, and you must fight me."

Aaron could stand this no longer but made at him.

"Part 'em, part 'em,' was again the cry; and now the battle commenced in earnest, and it was long to let 'em fight, you 'cause we'g'wine to stand here all night holding the coats?—at'n't you ashamed I discovered a hearty, brawny, tired looking girl, when they called Poll, telling her to separate them in order that he might fight, "you both were cowards, and that she believed she could cool each both out: the soldier from drinking, and the other from fighting—separate them, or else the meeting of two inconsistives at full speed." The two men were separated, and Aaron retired to the yard, where, chacking, they called over each other in a couple of cans, squaling and using the most unmentionable names to each other, and at length they were both turned out.

"Hornets for Wolfe. Well done Aaron; your gouge him; oh! you missed a chance; now give it to him."

"Will you have done with your noise?"

These, and similar expressions, were constantly vociferated by the partizans of each other, and at length they were both separated, before Poll, with a crowd at her heels, came in, almost convulsed with laughter.

"What is the matter!" said I.

"Oh! the prettiest fight," said Poll, "that they were both cowards, but you ought to have seen it! I know they were stubborn you, standin there quarrelling, so I made 'em fight, merely to have it over; I tell you what, there's no mistake in Aaron, when he does begin.

At this moment the soldier came in, walking carelessly along, with his face much scratched and considerably over one of his eyes.

Poll—"Well Aaron you is a root, I didn't know 'twas in the little man."

Aaron—"All that I always told you' I was all' gistic.

"Well, I didn't think so, but I tell you, you was all over him, I didn't see the licks, but I heard 'em and they seemed to me to fall just to the mark when down summers."

How much longer this dialogue would have lasted heaven knows, but being uncomfortably situated, I called for a drink, which came fast I fairly liked, and asked her to be good enough to order me some supper, for she did not. I would soon be kicked out of bed; my wish was hardly expressed, before Poll stripped down the coverand laid herself down in the bed, which was out of its place, without paying the least regard to the fact whether it was asleep or awake; that had the desired effect of making the others, who were soon packed away, with a strict injunction from Poll, to keep quiet, or they'd get a taste of —and I cannot say that I felt more sleepy, after Poll had leaned over me to arrange the clothes, and was in the kind enough to say, that I had a good night's rest.

The house now soon became very still, so much so, that one would hardly even have suspected it of having been the scene of such a succession of noise and confusion.

The stairs which led to the loft, ran up from my room, and while I was endeavoring to sleep, Poll quietly tripped in again, bearing a child in her arms with several small ones following her.

"Now, Aaron, these belong up in the loft."

"O the devil!" said I, "you don't mean to put them in my bed?"

"No, no, these belong up in the loft."

And she marched them gently up stairs, disappeared there, and again returning, disappeared with another, and then began to whisper up, I heard her say, "I'll never see so many children in my life," and so I thought; speaking in a tone of voice, which convinced me that I had a good deal to say.

Well, the scene is over for the night, said I—no, however, for I heard Poll's voice in the entry, amid a small bustle, saying, "Now take your shoes off, and march up easy, don't make a noise, for the world."

The door opened and Poll appeared with a light, and as she did, she turned about, and I espied in a low voice, "Now march," and then led the way up stairs, followed by, I will not say how many, but a long string of children, all marching silently after her in single file; they formed a long line which was several minutes in passing my door, and I was in a minute after over sea again.

I must confess, with the whole scene I was struck dumb, utterly amazed, and confounded; good heavens, thought I, what a packing touch they'll have up stairs; and yet there was no bustle, I heard something which resembled a number of shucks, and in a few minutes after resting of shucks, and in a few minutes after rusting they was as quiet as the wild woods; this silence reigned unbroken, save an occasional jar which shook the house, resembling the slight shock of an earthquake, or the moving of some heavy body above me with a handspike; this was occasioned, by the joist turning over of the plaister in the loft; when this ceased all was quiet, and I went to sleep.

MAXIM.—Nothing is more essential in happiness than the regulation of our passions and keeping them under the dominion of reason.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world, to take in every thing, and part with nothing.—Seneb.

MAJOR DOWNING.

Washington, 19 July, 1831.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight of the New York Daily Advertiser.

Dear Sir—I have been to pay a visit to a sister that I have not seen for more than forty years. She lives in a town called Hardscrabble, in the state of Connecticut. It is a very pleasant place, and I may say a very pleasant visit. I have been here a week, and I am to stay a week longer. I am now sitting in the room where I was born. The old house looks natural, and I feel as if I was almost home. But I'll tell you, I feel more at home in the bar room of the tavern, where I must take tobacco and drink toddy.

I find that the Hardscrabblers know that a good deal has been said about me, and they are very curious to know what I am about. They call me the "Governor." I am not a member of the General Assembly, and do not expect to be; but the General is quite as polite to me as if I was.

Last night our host would not take the matter and understand what the matter was, by 10 cts or 100 cts nor 1000 cts. He said he was proud to have me under his roof, and he would not take a cent. I told him that I was not in the habit of travelling at my own expense, and if things got settled I would pay for all. He said these things got settled in a very short time in Hardscrabble, and that was the reason it was pass this letter.

I found the tavern a very social company. Like an island, where a man would eat his breakfast on one side out, and walk across to the other side to eat his supper, and find the same company at both meals. They were all the men of gold and silver. But several gentlemen of the middling order, and a number of respectable looking women. I was introduced to a great many in a few minutes, and expect I shall be introduced to a great many more before I leave this place. But I'll tell you, I am not in the habit of remembering names, and I am afraid I shall not be able to remember the names of all these folks. I must take totals

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Hall, late publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Intelligencer, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1834.

ASHES,		BEEF,	
Pots,	1 00 4 75	New Orleans,	
Pearls,		Navy,	
BEESWAX,		BREADSTUFFS,	
Yellow,	25	Flour, No. 1	5 62½
White,	31	Do. No. 2	
Do.	34	Do. Fine,	
COAL,		Do. Superfine,	
Lehigh,	ton 4 50	Do. Extra,	
Schuylkill,	4 50	Do. Fancy,	
COFFEE, Port Rico,	11 12½	Do. Rye,	
Havana,	11 12½	Do. Corn Meal,	
COTTON, Dom.	10	Wheat,	bush.
Sea Island,		Rye,	
Upland,	12	Corn,	
Alabama,	12	Oats,	
Mobile,	12	Barley,	
New Orleans,	12	Beans,	
Texas,	12	Clover Seed,	
Tennessee,	12	Timothy Seed,	
Florida,	12	Flaxseed,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Orchard Grass,	
Ordinary,	10	Red Top,	
Fair,	12	Herds Grass,	
Good,	13	Lucerne,	
Prime,	14	Lard,	
Fine,	15	Linseed,	gal.
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Linseed,	
Ordinary,	10	Spirits,	
Fair,	12	Brandy,	
Good,	13	Peach,	
Prime,	14	Apple,	
Fine,	15	Whiskey,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Rum,	
Ordinary,	10	Jamaica,	
Fair,	12	St. Croix,	
Good,	13	Country,	
Prime,	14	Gin,	
Fine,	15	Holland,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Molasses,	
Ordinary,	10	Muscovado,	
Fair,	12	Clayed,	
Good,	13	Havana,	
Prime,	14	Porto Rico,	
Fine,	15	Cuba,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Sugar,	
Ordinary,	10	Loaf,	
Fair,	12	Lump,	
Good,	13	Brown,	
Prime,	14	Havana,	
Fine,	15	Porto Rico,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Cuba,	
Ordinary,	10	Tallow,	
Fair,	12	Tobacco,	
Good,	13	Kentucky,	
Prime,	14	Virginia,	
Fine,	15	Manufactured,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Whiskey,	
Ordinary,	10	Wool,	
Fair,	12	Merino,	
Good,	13	Common,	
Prime,	14	Pulled,	
Fine,	15	Lambs,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Foreign,	
Ordinary,	10	Washed,	
Fair,	12	Unwashed,	
Good,	13	Pulled,	
Prime,	14	Lambs,	
Fine,	15	Foreign,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Washed,	
Ordinary,	10	Unwashed,	
Fair,	12	Pulled,	
Good,	13	Lambs,	
Prime,	14	Foreign,	
Fine,	15	Washed,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Unwashed,	
Ordinary,	10	Pulled,	
Fair,	12	Lambs,	
Good,	13	Foreign,	
Prime,	14	Washed,	
Fine,	15	Unwashed,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Pulled,	
Ordinary,	10	Lambs,	
Fair,	12	Foreign,	
Good,	13	Washed,	
Prime,	14	Unwashed,	
Fine,	15	Pulled,	
COTTON, Dom.	Sea Island	Lambs,	
Ordinary,	10	Foreign,	
Fair,	12	Washed,	
Good,	13	Unwashed